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The Missile



APRIL, 1915.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.



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THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Vol. IV.

APRIL, 1915.

No. 5.

Twilight Thoughts.

When softly the twilight is falling
And the sun has gone down in the west,
It is then that of you I am thinking,
Thinking when all is at rest.

Yes, thinking sweet thoughts of our childhood,
When often we played by the brook,
Or wandered through meadows of daisies—
I still hold and cherish each look.

Your eyes were as blue as the violets
And your heart it was happy and true,
When we played in the fields of the daisies,
So merry the whole day through.

This vision of you still remains, dear,
And by it I'm uplifted and blest.
My heart is still faithful to you, dear,
Though you have long since been at rest.

DUCKETT JONES, '16.

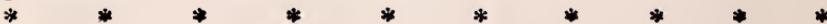
Camera, Action.

 PRETTY MARGARET MONTGOMERY was in love. That was the whole story. Ever since that memorable evening when she found herself looking up into the frank brown eyes of Richard Clairborne she knew there was no one else for her in the wide, wide world. Simultaneously Richard, or Dick as he was commonly called, knew the same thing.

Indeed, "big brother Bobby," her life long chum, must have been suspicious, for he took occasion later in the evening to inquire innocently which she would rather have, a chest of silver or a Ford. A Ford, he said, was all he could afford. Thereupon Margaret had cheerfully slapped Bobby and complacently remarked that she wanted an automobile—not a Ford! But for all her brave show of innocence, she was unable to hide the tell-tale blush.

Hers had not been an easy life. After months of effort, by sheer hard work and pluck, she had won her place in the dramatic world. The price had been great, the sacrifices many, but the reward was worth it all. She was now a great actress!

She had met Dick but a week before the beginning of the present season. The courtship had been short, but none the less realistic. All former plans and hopes had been abandoned, and they had decided that she was to leave the stage at the end of the season, by which time Dick would be twenty-five and would have come into possession of his entire fortune.



Margaret's success was upon every tongue. All New York was wild. Every school girl was the proud possessor of a box of La Margarita face powder—some more fortunate damsels made their fellow-sisters green-eyed with jealousy when they appeared in La Margarita gowns, wonderful creations of wily dealers who saw a chance to make a small fortune.

But there was one drawback in Margaret's success and that was that Dick was not there to witness her triumph. He had been called away suddenly to South America on important business and did not expect to be back for two months.

At length the New York papers blazoned that La Margarita was going to take the leading role in the famous Paramount production, "Wanted, a Man."

Rehearsals for the film were being steadily pushed. Margaret was being initiated into the art of film acting. Never before had she felt so insignificant. She was not used to being handed around in such a fashion. She had supposed that acting for the pictures would be mere play, but she now realized that she was sadly mistaken.

At last rehearsals were thought to be complete and the day for the taking of the film was at hand. Margaret had to confess to herself that she was thrilled—in fact, a little nervous.

As she was being whirled away in the direction of the studio, she thought of Dick. She had not written him of her new occupation as "Movie" actress—why, she did not know.

She detested the hero. She said he was "bow-legged knock-kneed, cross-eyed, and had hair that was like cooked carrots."

Now in justice to the hero, this statement must be modified. Mr. Schultzendorfer did have red hair, but apart from that he did not possess any of the above named qualifications.

At length she reached the studio. The first part went off without a hitch except that the villain got a little excited and pinched her arm black and blue. But that little happening was too trivial to be recorded.

The love seen was to be enacted on the lawn of her own home. There, in a little rustic arbor, screened from the prying eyes of man, the hero and heroine were to engage in enraptured moments of bliss.

At length they reached the house. After a few brief moments' delay the camera was set in place, the director carefully screened where he could watch everything, and the order, "Camera, action!" was given.

"Lady," the director yelled, "look down at the ground—assume nervousness—smile coquettishly—man cross over to maiden—maiden sit down—man kneel—say you love her and will she be your wife—don't laugh, for the love of Mike; you'll spoil 100 yards of film—maiden look shy—accept him—man kiss her hand—throw your arms around her—that's fine, keep it up."

For a moment all was silent as the beautiful actress threw herself into the dramatic tension of the moment.

"Margaret!"

Quickly disengaging herself from the hero's arms, she found herself staring into the eyes of—Dick!

"I never would have believed that of you—who," as the director came forward and Dick saw for the first time the camera—

"O, Dick, I never told you I was a 'Movie' actress—

and, my goodness, you didn't think it was real! Excuse me; allow me to introduce Mr. Schultzendorfer, my fellow actor, Mr. Whitfield, director of the Paramount studio, and Mr. Chessel, Camera Man."

After the introductions and explanations were over, Dick asked if, since the scene was supposed to be in the moonlight and consequently dim, he could not take the place of the hero.

Mr. Shultzendorfer gracefully retired and left Dick in the field. "Camera, action!" thundered the director.

* * * * *

Never was a picture so successful. All over the country play houses were packed with eager audiences. "So realistic—they looked as if they were really in love," they said.

* * * * *

On a fast moving yacht in the dim moonlight stand a newly married couple.

"Camera, action!" softly says the man.

MARGARET WILKINSON, '15.

IT'S A GOOD PLACE FOR BIG BEATS.

A Texan and a New Yorker were discussing the relative merits of their respective climates.

"Down where I live," said the Texan, "we grew a pumpkin so big that when we cut it my wife used one half of it as a cradle to rock the baby in."

The New Yorker smiled. "Why, my dear fellow," he said, "that's nothing at all. A few days ago, right in New York city, three full grown policemen were found asleep on one beat."

On the Level.

SAY, Doc, seen anything of my necktie?" "Can't say I have, Joe," and the doctor patted the young medical student on the back. "S'long, boys," he called over his shoulder.

"Say, Joe, was it a green tie?"

"Yep, Preach, have you seen it?"

"I didn't say I had seen yours, did I?" and "Preach," as the boys had nicknamed Reginald McClease, continued picking his mandolin.

"Well, have you seen anybody's green necktie, lately?" ventured Brown.

"Er-Rookie has gone to see his fair one, and-er, I believe he was sporting a green necktie."

Silence—except the soft tones of the mandolin.

"Anybody seen a razor floating around here?" asked "Shorty" Green, poking his rumpled head into Doctor Cunningham's room where several of the boys had congregated. As no one paid any attention to the request, Shorty slammed the door and could be heard rummaging in the next room in search of a razor.

Twenty-five stalwart young medical students of the Ki Mu Fraternity ate and slept in a large brick house known as the "Ki Mu House." Here they were watched over by Dr. Cunningham whom all the boys adored. Any one of the boys would have willingly cut his right hand off if it would do "Doc" any good.

"He's so darned square, don't-cher-know," drawled Jimmy Porter as he adjusted his tortoise-shell glasses.

"Sure thing," came from the depths of a large Morris

chair where Finley Powell was busily turning the leaves of an immense medical book.

"Say, Jimmy, seen my tooth brush?" and Reddie Nelson took the mandolin away from Preach McClease, started picking the strings and humming the latest of "Try this over on your piano" kind.

"Cawn't say I have, Reddie," drawled Jimmy. "Have you got a cigarette about you? Like to have a puff, don't-cher-know." Reddie pitched a box of Piedmonts at Jimmy and with "don't take 'em all" continued to play the mandolin.

"Not but one in here, Red—"

"Who said cigarette?" excitedly asked Preach McClease. "I haven't had one for a month. Honestly, Jimmy, I'm sorry, but I'll have to borrow this for a while," and McClease relieved Jimmy of the only cigarette.

"Ah, certainly," said Jimmy who greatly admired the handsome McClease.

"How tender!" and "Fatty" Vaughan smacked his lips.

"Say, Fatty, let's show 'em the latest step," suggested Jimmy, and the two boys whirled across the room right into the middle of a most progressive crap game. This game was played by the two "bone professionals" as the boys nicknamed "Crook" Anderson and Johnny Williams. "Get your guitar, Preach. Keep up the rag, Red. Shove the bed out of the way, Fatty. One—two—three"—and soon crap shooters and all were dancing around "Doc" Cunningham's room.

"When youse all is ready, supper is ready," announced George, the "Ki Mu" cook. Amid yells, songs, whistling and talking, twenty-two of the medical boys crowded in-

to the Ki Mu dining room where Doctor Cunningham had been waiting for several minutes.

"Where's Eddie and Rookie?" asked the Doctor.

"Left 'em scrapping over the towel," exclaimed Finley Powell. "Shoot the rolls, Preach."

* * * * *

It was a stormy night, one week later. The boys were merrily eating their supper when Doctor Cunningham entered the dining room with a boy of about six years in his arms. The doctor's face was ashy grey when he thrust the child into Reginald McClease's lap and said, "take care of him, boys, until—until I get back," and then disappeared down the hall. All merriment ceased. The child slipped from McClease's lap and looked in wonderment at the boys.

"McClease was the first to break the silence. "Hi, bo," he said as he extended his hand.

"Hi, yourself," exclaimed the little chap as he climbed again into the big fellow's lap. "Ain't you goin' to give me nothing to eat?"

"Sure, bo, what's your name?"

"Jack. What's yours?"

"My name is Reginald McClease."

"You can't fool me like that. Your name is Preach, cause I heard the fellers say so." By this time all of the boys had gathered around the little fellow and after a hearty laugh at the child's last remark, Reddie Nelson ventured to ask, "what's your last name, sonny?"

"Ain't got a last name. I'm just plain Jack, like he's just Preach," said the child as he pointed to McClease.

"Well, what's your father's name?"

"Just Daddy—at least that's all I know."

"Well, what does your mother call him, Jack?"

"Called him 'Dearie' onct."

"Well, bo, what's your mother's name?"

"I believe Daddy called her 'Dearest' onct. So she is Mama Dearest. What's your mother's name?" This between mouthfuls of cake. Silence—Reddie Nelson's mother was dead.

"Shoot him another cake," suggested Rookie.

"Shoot me more than one," finished Jack.

"Say, bo, where did Doc find you?" kindly asked McClease.

"In a house of co'se. You don't think I'd be yeller enough to keep mama out in the cold, when she's sick." And the small child gave McClease a most disgusted look.

"Of course not, but—"

"Doc told me he wanted me to be like you all when I'm growed up. He said you all were all white—not a bit of yeller in you. I told Doc I wouldn't cry—that'd be yeller—but I guess I'll go and look for Mama Dearest now." With that he slid out of McClease's lap and slowly made his way toward the door.

"Say, Jack," timidly asked Jonny Williams, "did you ever see my knife?"

"Let me see it, will you?"

"Sure." Williams promptly handed over the knife and then, to the delight of the child, each boy in turn showed Jack some of the wonders in his pocket. Shorty actually found his razor, which he contributed to the pile, which was composed of Joe's green necktie, Reddie's mandolin Finley's tennis racket and balls, "Crook" Brown's dice, Preach McClease's new hat, Jimmy Porter's monocle, etc. Finally Jack fell asleep covered with the different contri-

butions—and thus he was found one half hour later by Doctor Cunningham.

Tenderly he lifted the child, and pillowing him comfortably on his arm he said in his steady even voice "Boys, there's something I wish to tell you." The twenty-four boys looked at each other suspiciously. Doc never gave them a serious talk unless it was absolutely necessary. Finally Jimmy Porter spoke. "We're ready, Doc."

"Boys," and the Doctor cleared his throat. "Boys, I never told you all my history, but I'm going to tell you now." The boys looked surprised. There had always been a mystery about the Doctor and not one of the boys knew about it. "Yes, Doc," murmured Fatty Vaughan.

"About seven years ago I married a beautiful girl—a girl who had only one relative in this world. The relative was an old aunt who had plenty of money. About two years later I went abroad with my wife and little infant son, headed for Italy in search of a better climate for my wife. She never was strong, boys. While at sea a terrible storm came up and the ship caught fire. I placed my wife and son in a life boat and—boys, I swore to her then I'd always be square." Here Jack moved in his sleep. "To make a long story short, I drifted for two days, and when I came to my senses I found myself in the home of a poor fisherman. He lived there with his wife, and these good people nursed me back to health again, gave me clothes, put money in my hand, and put me on a ship headed for the United States. The last thing the old fisherman told me as he gripped my hand was, 'Always stay on the level, Doc; it pays.' Having been told, after reaching the United States, that all on board had

been lost, I began practicing and buried my grief in the troubles of others." Here the Doctor stopped.

"Because I was a member of this fraternity you boys welcomed me here and, boys, I want to say I'll never forget how you have always treated me—how you have trusted me always. I came to you four years ago to-day."

"I remember," murmured McClease.

"Yes," softly from Reddy Nelson.

"I never saw my wife again, boys,—not until this morning!"

The soft breathing of Jack cuddled up to the Doctor's side was the only sound that could be heard.

"I found her in the hospital—ill," continued the Doctor. "She had been looking for me—she had a hard time, boys." The Doctor cleared his throat. "I forgot to tell you that I looked up the aunt as soon as I returned, only to find that she had been dead for some time. My wife had used the money left her by her aunt looking for me. After she had told me her story, which is a long one, and I had told her mine, she died, boys, died in my arms."

Preach McClease cleared his throat. Shorty Green squirmed in his chair, while tears were visible in Reddie Nelson's eyes.

"Hers was a beautiful death, boys, and just before she died I promised once again I'd always be square."

"Does the kid know?" asked Johnny Williams as he vigorously blew his nose.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "but I told him not to tell until I could explain to you boys."

"And I didn't tell, did I, Dad?" asked Jack as he sleepily rubbed his eyes.

"No," said the Doctor, and his eyes were full of tears.

"And me and Daddy is always goin' to be square so we can go to heaven and see mama when I'm growed up. Would you fellers like to go too?"

"Yes," murmured the boys in one voice.

"And you'll try *always* to be square?"

"Always," said each Ki Mu medical student as he left the Doctor and his son alone.

DOROTHY MCKINLEY SPOONER, '16.

THE REFORMER.

For better food, better towns,
With such things I agree;
In fact, I'm strong for everything
Except a better me.

HE DID.

Tommy came out of a room where his father was tacking down a carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P-p-papa hit his finger with the hammer," sobbed Tommy.

"Well, you neen't cry about a thing like that," comforted his mother. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I did," Tommy sobbed.

A Sandy Junior.



ALE WAS SEETHING with excitement. The annual Field Day of the college was only two days off. On every part of the campus excited knots of students were discussing the chances of their respective champions.

The event that was conceded by all to be the most exciting was the 880 yard run. Gooch, last year's winner, was to have a strong rival in Bruce, a Freshman of Prep School renown throughout the country. It was even claimed by the Freshmen and Gooch's enemies that he would be beaten by Bruce.

All the contestants were in the pink of condition and eagerly awaited the starter's gun. During practice Bruce's attitude toward Gooch had been one of contempt, while Gooch's had been one of toleration. They had had no competitive runs, as the classes practiced separately, but one could not stand near Bruce for five minutes unless he heard how sorry the Freshmen were for Gooch.

The night before the race the members of the Junior team gathered in the room of Gooch, who was the captain of the team, for the final words of advice. Little Binns, the sprinter, started what he claimed was a song, but it resembled a cat fight more. The other boys were not long in telling him what they thought of it, and, as he still persisted, Gooch was forced to use physical violence. Binns resisted and, in the struggle, his heel came down with great force on Gooch's instep. Gooch hopped to a chair and the boys busied themselves with giving first aid, but their efforts were in vain. Poor Binns was a

picture of woe and was continually telling Gooch how sorry he was, and even went so far as to swear off on singing forever.

When it was found out for certain that nothing could be done for Gooch's foot, the team was ready to give up hope, as without Gooch's five points they were likely to be defeated. Gooch was cheerful and tried to restore the confidence of the team by telling them that he would run anyway. This served to raise their spirits somewhat. He made the boys promise to say nothing of his accident, since if Bruce found out about it, Bruce would run him to death in the first quarter.

The meet was scheduled for three o'clock, but at two-thirty standing room was at a premium. The grandstand was a sea of color, the different colors of the classes being worn by their supporters who vied with each other in making the most noise.

The meet ran along smoothly. Binns partly atoned for his clumsiness by winning the 50 yard, 100 yard, and 220 yard dashes. The starters were called for the 880, and twenty answered the call. The score between the Freshmen and the Juniors was tied, each having thirty-two points, while the Seniors and Sophomores had fifteen and twenty-five respectively. Excitement was at the highest pitch when the 880 was announced. Gooch drew the outside with Bruce next to the pole.

"Ready everybody? On your marks! Set!" Bang!! Bruce leaped to the pole with Gooch at his shoulder. Bruce set a rather even pace and all the contestants were bunched. Gooch's foot was not bothering him any and he even dared hope that it had responded to the treatment he had given it. They finished the first quarter in

fair time, with only about seven in the running. As they started the last lap, Gooch's foot began to pain him a little, and when he had covered about 800 yards every step became agonizing. Here Bruce started his sprint. Gooch, who was running about one yard behind him, had to use all the nerve and will power at his command to follow suit. By a tremendous burst of speed he passed Bruce, but the pain in his foot became excruciating. He was tempted to quit when he heard his supporters give fifteen rahs and three Gooches. He thought of what a cowardly act it would be if he did not uphold the trust of his classmates, and he forced himself on by constantly repeating, "I must not quit, I must not quit." When he felt he could not go another step he heard a great roaring and fell over in a faint, breaking the tape, winning the race and the meet.

When he came to Gooch murmured in a dazed manner, "I must not quit."

"For which the Juniors are truly thankful," said Binns joyously, and forgot himself so far as to start singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," but he was promptly smothered in a bath robe.

The Mystery of the Stolen Necklace.

DUVALL bit his lips with vexation and at intervals swore at the man sitting next to him. As the automobile stopped he spoke again and his companion opened his eyes a little and then with an effort staggered to his feet. "A bad night, a bad night," he muttered.

"Yes, Farthing, and all because you were such a fool!" exclaimed Duvall.

Neither spoke again until they were safe inside their apartment and Farthing in bed; then the former continued his harangue. "A pretty haul we would have made. Fifty thousand isn't to be scorned! You fool, you, why in thunder weren't you more careful with that decanter!"

At this Farthing reached under his pillow and grasping his revolver pointed it at Duvall. "Take every word of that back or you're a dead man."

"Well," the other replied, rather sheepishly, "I don't suppose you really were to blame, since I jogged your elbow."

Farthing's lips curled contemptuously as he replaced his pistol, but he said no more. Every now and then a groan escaped his lips, but his face showed little sign of pain. Duvall paced the floor several times when suddenly his eyes fell upon a pile of letters. Glancing them over casually he selected several and walked over to the fire and sat down.

"Farthing," he asked abruptly, "wasn't Miss Young the girl who had that wonderful diamond necklace?"

Then without waiting for a reply he continued, "well, I'll get quite a little fortune for myself when I get that."

Silence continued for some time as Duvall sat engrossed in thought. A queer sound startled him from his reverie and drew his attention to Farthing. A deep frown had contracted the sick man's forehead and he looked as if he were in agony. For the first time Duvall was alarmed. Snatching up the telephone he called for a doctor and soon that worthy gentleman was with them. A pretty little tale had to be made up as to Farthing's accident, but the unsuspicious old doctor believed it.

The next day the two men slept until noon and then Duvall, partially dressed, sat before the fire and answered his correspondence. "I'm going to a dance at Miss Young's this evening," he remarked. "If you need anything you can ring your bell."

"Thanks," answered the other as he dreamily blew ringlets of smoke into the air. "But I warn you. Don't use force with *that girl!*"

Duvall looked full into Farthing's face and smiled sarcastically. "Perhaps you don't remember Zapata?"

"Don't use force with *that girl!*!" exclaimed Farthing again.

Several hours later the Youngs' brightly illuminated reception hall was filled with quaintly dressed, masked couples. There was another "Robin Hood" besides Duvall, a fact which pleased him greatly. The band began to play and the couples to whirl around. After a careful scrutiny of the whole room Duvall fixed his attention upon a gorgeously dressed Colonial Dame. A few long strides brought him to her and for a second he raised his mask as he said good evening.

"Oh, Mr. Spooner," she exclaimed, "how soon you came back! I'm so glad Mr. Forbes didn't want you to come home."

"Surely you would not care?" asked Duvall, quickly grasping the idea that he was being taken for some one else.

"Now, Mr. Spooner, aren't you ashamed? Of course I'd have missed you dreadfully. What did Mr. Forbes want, the horrid old man?"

"Guess," answered Duvall. "But come let's go into the conservatory first and you can tell me there."

"What a clever little guesser you are," he said flatteringly when she had told him what she thought. "Now tell me what you did to-day." And so by clever questions he kept the tide of conversation flowing. When she was in the midst of relating one of her shopping experiences, he raised his hand and pretended to pull a flower while, in reality, he deftly removed her wonderful necklace. "Pansies, they're for thoughts," he said, handing her a flower.

"And the music, that's for dancing," she answered.

It was nearly two before Duvall came home, but Farthing was still awake. "Here it is!" cried the former, holding up the sparkling strand.

"Did you *remember*?" asked Farthing, sitting bolt upright.

"Just a minute, old man, and I'll tell you all about it."

Then Duvall seated himself on the edge of the bed and proceeded to outline his experiences. Before retiring he pulled aside the carpet and removed a loose plank. With miser-like eyes he gazed at the dazzling brilliance

of the gem, then dropped it into its hiding place and rearranged the plank and carpet.

That night when Clara Young was undressing she put her hand to her neck to remove her necklace, it was gone ! Much to her dismay her search for it through the house the next day proved fruitless. Alarmed by the sudden disappearance of so valuable a gem, she phoned to Martin, an expert detective. When he arrived she gave him full details of her experience the evening before, also the names of her guests. Martin seemed to be very suspicious of George Spooner, and for a long time after he left Clara sat in deep meditation.

PART II.

"What a dandy, good, little pal Helen is," thought Edward Grey as his eyes traveled through the office window to a trim, little figure walking down the street. With renewed vigor he worked at his books, and when the six o'clock whistle blew he reached for his hat and hurried out. While on his way home he bought a newspaper. As he glanced over it, these startling headlines confronted him: "Mysterious Disappearance of a Very Valuable Necklace," and farther down a large reward was offered to the person who would recover it for the owner.

That evening while Edward was calling on Helen they planned what they would do when Edward "was promoted." During the conversation he told her of the disappearance of the remarkable jewel and of the reward.

"Let's play detective !" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "And get the reward !" he cried.

They talked and built castles in the air for the next hour or so, and then he took his leave.

On the day following the ball everyone was talking and gossiping about Clara's loss. Suspicion was strongly against Spooner. Dark and gloomy weeks followed. Clara became morbid and listless and would not be comforted. Morgan and his whole force were at work, but all their efforts seemed of no avail.

One night Edward was aroused from his sleep by the sound of angry voices in the apartment above. He listened again, but all was silent. Thinking he had been dreaming he turned over and went back to sleep.

In truth he *had* heard a noise. Farthing and Duvall, who roomed above, had been gambling and then had quarreled. A fight had ensued during which Duvall had stabbed Farthing. Words cannot describe the anguish and horror which the murderer suffered afterwards. Like a madman he tore back the carpet and jerked several planks from the floor. This was an excellent place to conceal the victim of his passion. Before putting the boards back he drew the knife from the body and threw it on the table. Then like one dazed he sat with clasped hands and glazed eyes. As the gray light of dawn began to creep through the shutters he got up and walking into his room threw himself across the bed.

The following night as Edward was sitting before the fire in his room he happened to glance at the ceiling. A dark spot was just above his bed. This seemed very peculiar for he had never seen it before. Finally he became so curious that he was compelled to examine it. To his horror he saw that it was blood.

He immediately summoned the police and together

they entered Duvall's apartments. Nothing greeted them but disorder and confusion. On the table was a bloody dagger, and the carpet, which was still rolled back, revealed the loose boards in the floor. In less time than it takes to tell, they had Farthing's body and *the necklace*.

* * * * *

"George," whispered Clara, shyly, "will you ever forgive me for doubting you?"

"Yes, dear," as he clasped her in his arms, "forgive and forget."

And in another home there was also great rejoicing, for the reward made it possible for Helen and Edward to realize their fondest hopes.

LOUISE STRATTON, '17.

SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT.

Passing a swimming school in a small city one day two country women read this sign at the entrance:

25,000 gals. in and out every minute.

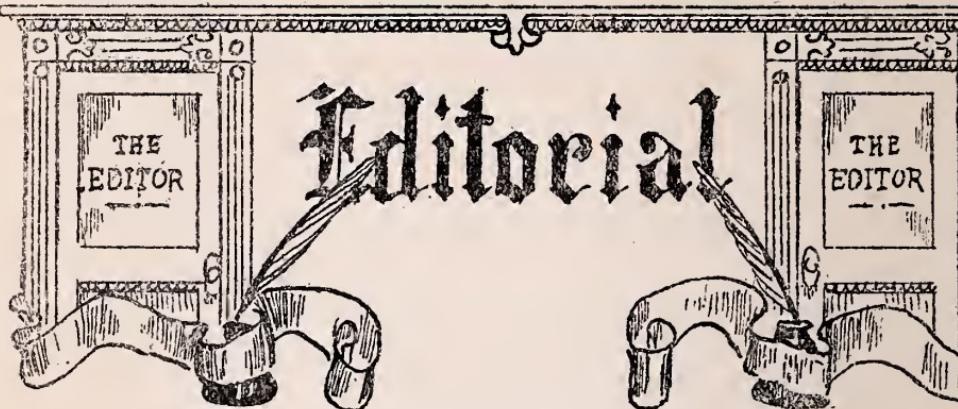
"That's all nonsense," said one of the women; "there ain't that many women in this whole town."

WHAT SHE REALLY WANTED.

Fredie had just proposed to Millie.

"No, Fredie," she said, "I cannot marry you. The man who gets me must be a grand man, upright and square."

"My dear girl," said Fredie, "you don't want a man. You want a piano."



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A T THE LAST meeting of the School Board it was moved and seconded that a publicity committee be appointed for the purpose of agitating the question of building a new High School in Petersburg. This motion was unanimously carried, and a committee consisting of

Messrs. Seward, Dandridge and Stribling was appointed. We certainly are glad to hear that the School Board is taking active steps toward this object. They have discussed this matter often before, but this is their first formal step. No time could be better for arousing interest in this matter. For some six or seven years the School Board and Common Council have been zealously working toward the end of modernizing the school system of Petersburg, and we cannot find words to express our gratification at the success which has crowned their labors. With the Brown, the Lee, and the Jackson schools completed, the Hill school practically so, and the money already appropriated for three new negro schools, this end is realized except with respect to the High School Department.

The matter of building a modern Hlgh School has been discussed for a long time. The proposition seems to have met with widespread approval, in fact practically no one has expressed disapproval; but for some reason there has been too strong a tendency to let the matter drop with this expression of approval. Let each one of our friends consider himself a publicity committee and aid the School Board in keeping this subject before the public.

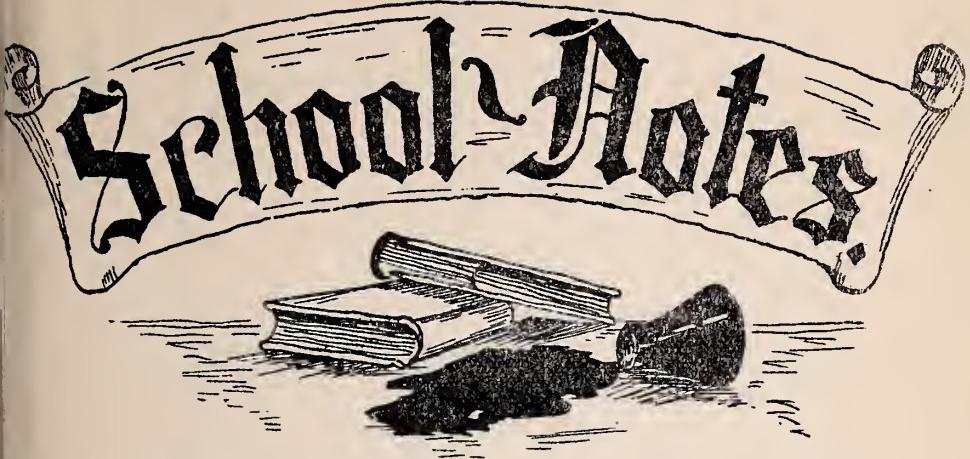
When one glances back a few years he sees a great many unaccountable things. In regard to the procrastinative tendencies that school officials were prone to display, it is astonishing as well as difficult to reach a satisfactory conclusion as to why they did not do certain things in the way of the general advancement of school activities.

A subject that would take a very prominent place in

the list of things undone is High School Athletics. When one stops to consider the need, they are found to be absolutely essential to the modern make-up of the thoroughly up-to-the-minute High School.

To the young men who participate in them they not only furnish a source of great pleasure and absorbing interest, but the benefits that are derived by the school in general by liberal encouragement of them is of uncalculable value. The beneficial results that have been attained by concentrated action in high school athletic circles in the past few years are so immensely gratifying that plain logic would tell one that athletics are to the school's advantage in every way; and the word prostration as applied to the promotion of High School Athletics should be rendered obsolete.

Where, O where, is our honor system? It was brought to our attention with such enthusiasm by the class of '15 that it had to be submitted for the approval of the student body during the examination week. Now half the class of '15 has graduated and the other half has failed to carry on the work. It is true that we have pledged ourselves not to cheat, but that is only half. What does the pledge mean to the cheater who daily breaks pledges? We need a student council with representatives in the various classes. Fear of detection and punishment is the only means of checking dishonesty. From all sides we hear rumors of cheating, that spread abroad and stain the clean record of our alma mater. Is this to continue? Nay, seniors, act. Carry on the good work, and lift our P. H. S. above the level of reproach and dishonor.



It is a source of great pleasure that we are able to announce at this time that Dr. Henry Louis Smith, president of Washington and Lee University, has accepted the invitation to deliver the address before the graduating class at our Commencement, which will be held in the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, June 8th. Dr. Smith is one of the most entertaining speakers engaged in school work in this State, and his services are always in great demand at every important educational gathering. We feel ourselves extremely fortunate in being able to offer to the people of Petersburg such a rare treat, as is in store for them on this occasion of our annual Commencement, and we are sure that the many friends of Washington and Lee will join with the High School in giving Dr. Smith a royal welcome to Petersburg.

The annual meeting of the Fourth Congressional District Association convened in Petersburg on March 18th, 1915, at eight o'clock, at the R. E. Lee School. The meetings were well attended and many interesting speeches were made concerning the welfare of the students. Mr. H. Augustus Miller from our school gave a

very interesting talk on "The Use of Periodicals in Teaching English" at the meeting held on Friday afternoon.

The students of the Petersburg schools entered heartily into the spirit of the meeting and did their best to make the visit as pleasant a one as possible to the strangers. Splendid exhibits were also prepared by each of the schools in the city, and were put on exhibition at the R. E. Lee School.

On Friday afternoon, at the Elks' Home, a reception was given to the visitors by the Chamber of Commerce, the Retail Merchants Association, the School Board, and the Teachers' Club of Petersburg. A delightful musical program was rendered and everyone seemed to have a good time and to enjoy the refreshments.

Saturday afternoon the visiting teachers were shown the chief points of interest in the historic old town. Then after a very successful meeting they returned to their homes.

.....

On the 2nd of March we were very fortunate in having with us the Rev. F. W. Moore, who gave us an extremely beneficial talk. He told us about the present war and how the conditions had been bettered since the use of alcoholic drinks had been forbidden.

.....

Dressed in the costume of a Bedouin princess, Mr. Walters, an evangelist, gave us an account of his travels in foreign lands. On that morning the opening exercises were conducted by the Rev. George C. Zeigler, pastor of the Christian Church.

.....

On Tuesday, the 9th of the month, we were pleased to

have with us the Rev. C. B. Bryan, who gave us an interesting as well as profitable talk.

We all look forward with great pleasure to the opening exercises on Monday morning. For on that day Mr. Martin entertains us in his usual interesting way.

DID YOU EVER HEAR ?

Miss Leftwich say, "Girls, what am I going to do with you for talking?"

Miss Sally say, "I think there is a little confusion in the room!"

Miss Molly say, "My child, did you get permission to speak?"

Mr. Anderson say, "I am a hearty sympathizer of Woman Suffrage."

Miss Beard say, "Repondez en francais s'il vous plait."

Mr. Scott say, "Common sense should tell you that."

Miss Baxter say, "A half demerit for talking."

Mr. Miller say, "Don't you remember?"

Miss Segar say, "Remember that you are on your honor."

Mr. Wolff say, "Yes, Miss."

Miss Belle Robinson say, "Put your books in straight."

Miss G. of IVA; "Why is Mr. B (of IVB) limping so? Did he sit down on the spur of the moment?"

Miss W. of IVB: "No, he fell in love and broke his engagement."

Miss S. in IVB English to Miss G.: "I had a little rooster named Robinson, and I had to shoot him."

Miss G.: "Why?"

Miss S.: "Because he Crusoe."

Special! Wanted by Mr. R. of IIIB—A wife. No special recommendations needed.

Discovered by Miss Beard in IIIB German that the plural of men is women.

Mr. Miller in IIIB English: "What is the 'White Book'?"
Mr. T.: "The Bible."

Mr. Miller in IIIB English: "What does S. O. S. mean?"
Miss D.: "Sink or swim."

Miss Segar in IIIB Chemistry: "What is found in salt water besides salt?"

Mr. T.: "Herrings."

Will Mr. J. of IIIA kindly weep one bucketful of tears for Mr. Anderson's benefit? Please be accommodating, Mr. J., and get to work.

Mr. R. in IIB Physiology (on Friday morning): "Take 'Baths' for to-morrow."

Miss R. in IIB: "History stated that William was just as much a queen of England as Mary was."

Mr. Scott's classes are very grateful for his kind explanation of his extremely remarkable vocabulary.

Miss T.: "What is meant by the Johnsonian style?"
Mr. S. of II A.: "The way Jack Johnson talks."

Miss H. in II A Latin, when asked what kind of *cum*

construction a certain clause was, startled the class by saying, "*cum* chemical."

.....
Mr. W. in IB Latin.: "What is the plural of one?"
Mr. C.: "Two."

.....
Mr. H. of IA.: "May I speak?"
Miss R.: "Were you absent?"
Mr. H.: "Yes, ma'm, absent-minded."

.....
Mr. A.: "What determines the value of stocks?"
Mr. E. of IA2: "The price."

.....
Miss T.: "What is the meaning of the word lineage?"
Mr. M. of VIIB: "It means pertaining to linen."

.....
Miss M.: In what way did Petersburg contribute to General William H. Harrison's fame?"
Mr. R. of VIIA.: "He graduated from P. H. S."

.....
The pupils of the Petersburg High School appreciate greatly the valuable gift in the form of a set of Hawthorne's works, consisting of ten volumes, presented to them by the February class of 1915.

.....
We wish to thank Miss Virginia McKenney for the many interesting books which she has very kindly given to the High School library.



Athletics

BASE BALL.

P. H. S.—5. D. H. S.—3.

Petersburg opened her 1915 season by a clean cut victory over Disputanta High in Petersburg. We obtained an early lead and were never headed. The pitching of Baxter and the fielding of Ed. Reagan featured.

J. M. H. S.—7. P. H. S.—4.

Coach Hedgepeth and his huskies came over to Petersburg for our next game. We obtained a one run lead in the first, but were soon overtaken by John Marshall. Baxter was on the mound for us and, if he had been given the proper support, the score would have been much closer. A shoe string catch by Collier featured. In the game we were beaten, but not overwhelmed as was the case last year.

P. H. S.—6. W. H. S.—8.

The local boys met the fast Waverly team at Waverly, in the third game. Booth essayed to do the pitching for us, but was relieved in the second by Baxter when the score was 6 to 0 in Waverly's favor. P. H. S. made a plucky uphill fight, as is characteristic of all P. H. S. teams, and when the game was called in the seventh to allow us to catch a train, the score was 8 to 6. It is very probable

that we would have annexed this game had it gone the full nine innings. The game was featured by the hitting of the whole Petersburg team; nearly everybody got one, and Jordan and Hubbard got two apiece.

TRACK.

The first annual Field Day of the Petersburg High School was won by the Second year class with the Third year as runner up. The track was very heavy, but nevertheless fair time was made. The score:

1. Second year— $31\frac{1}{2}$ points.
2. Third year—26 points.
3. Fourth year—17 points.
4. First year— $14\frac{1}{2}$ points.

The individual score of those over 5 points:

1. Rees, III year, 18 points.
2. Elliott, IV year, 13 points.
3. Riddle, II year, 13 points.
4. Burge, I year, $10\frac{1}{2}$ points.
5. Steere, II year, 7 points.
6. Maclin, II year, 6 points.
7. Peebles, II year, $5\frac{1}{2}$ pts.
8. Hall, III year, 5 points.

The events:

1. 50 yard dash—Burge, I year, first; Rees, III year, second; Maclin, II year, third.
2. 100 yard dash—Rees, III year, first; Riddle, II year, second; Heath, I year, third.
3. Broad jump—Elliott, IV year, first; Burge, I year, second; Riddle, II year, third.
4. 220 yard hurdle—Maclin, II year, first; Gill, IV year, second; no third.
5. Pole vault—Riddle, II year, first; Burge, I year and Elliott, IV year, tied.
6. 440 yard dash—Rees, III year, first; Elliott, IV year, second; Heath, I year, third.
7. Shot put—Hall, III year, first; Steere, II year, second; Jones, IV year, third.
8. 220 yard dash—Rees, II year first; Elliott, IV year, second; Heath, I year, third.
9. High jump—Riddle, II year and Steere, II year, tied; Burge, I year and Peebles, II year, tied.
10. 880 yard run—Peebles, II year, first; Chandler, III, year, second; Barksdale, I year, third.



LOUISE STRATTON, - - - *Editor.*

Miss Ruth Roper returned from Randolph-Macon for the Easter holidays.

Messrs. Robert Butcher and Kevan Booth, former members of the P. H. S. Glee Club, are now with the Glee Club of the University of Virginia.

Mr. Roslyn Young, now of Randolph-Macon, but formerly of P. H. S., acted as starter for the boys at their field day exercises held on Easter Monday.

Miss Irene Gilliam, a graduate of P. H. S., is now a substitute for the Petersburg Public Schools.

Misses Elizabeth and Francis Drewry were home for their Easter holidays from Randolph-Macon. The Misses Drewry are doing credit to their P. H. S. training.

Messrs. Whitney Kinsey, Robert Butcher, and Kevan Booth, of the University of Virginia, were home for the holidays.

Messrs. T. F. Heath and Henry Maclin, pupils of Woodberry Forest, were home for their Easter holidays.

Exchange Department.

SARAH E. SEWARD, *Editor.*

We always welcome the *Virginian*, Norfolk, Va. It has a new story this month, "The Fool and the Fairy," and its humorous department is very good.

The Chronicle, Episcopal High School, would be very much improved by having a stronger literary department.

The Searchlight, Orange, Va., is a very attractive little magazine and has an especially good literary department. We see that the Honor System has been tried with success in this school. We congratulate you.

The exchange department of the *Stuyvesant Stag*, Warrenton, Va., would be greatly strengthened by lengthening the comments on other papers. Why not try it?

We heartily welcome *The Junior Echo*, Lexington, Va., to our Exchange Department. It is a very clever little magazine. Please do not forget us next month.

The Record, Staunton, Va., has some very good poems in this month's issue and its stories are all well written.

The Exchange Editor of *The Oracle*, Woodward, Ohio, has a very unique way of running his department. He has an All-Star Contest and every month the best features of certain exchanges are entered therein. It is indeed original.

We enjoyed reading about the mid-year dances in the *Oracle*, Woodberry Forest, this month; also the story, "His Parents," is very clever.

The Red and Black, Reading, Pa., is very complete in

every respect. The finances of the school must be in fine condition. We envy you.

The Pennant, Fredericksburg, Va., contains a tremendously clever little poem in "The Wandering Ghost." I think almost all high schools have wandering ghosts.

We gratefully acknowledge the following, and are sorry we haven't room to comment on them: *The Echo*, Hazeletton High School; *Lassell Leaves*, Boston, Mass.; *The Virginian Guide*, Staunton, Va.; *The Karux*, Phillipsburg High School; *The Maroon and White*, Alexandria High School; *The Comet*, Orono High School; *The Book-Strap*, Charleston High School; *The Gleam*, Johnson High School; *The Blue and the Gray*, Roland Park, Md.; *B. H. S. Tatler*, Atlanta, Ga.; *The Quill*, Parkersburg, W. Va.; *The Raquet*, Portland High School; *John Marshall Record*, Richmond, Va.; *The Quill*, Marion, Iowa.

TALK IS CHEAP.

Stude (to houseparty queen)—"Shall we dance or talk?"
Queen—"I'm so tired! Let's dance."

JUST LIKE HIM.

"My husband is just like our furnace," sighed Mrs. Blinks. "All day he smokes and at night he goes out."

NORAH WASN'T ALARMED.

"Norah," said her mistress, severely, "if you have that policeman in the kitchen again I shall speak to him."

"Go as far as ye like, mum," said Norah, "but yez'll niver git him. We're to be married next Thursday."

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